

## butterflies and fate (till death do us apart)

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by [isleofdreams](#)

### Summary

The butterfly effect: *In chaos theory, the butterfly effect is the sensitive dependence on initial conditions in which a small change in one state of a deterministic nonlinear system can result in large differences in a later state. The term butterfly effect is closely associated with the work of Edward Lorenz.*

*The idea came to be known as the “butterfly effect” after Lorenz suggested that the flap of a butterfly's wings might ultimately cause a tornado. And the butterfly effect, also known as “sensitive dependence on initial conditions,” has a profound corollary: forecasting the future can be nearly impossible.*

(in which George is a ticking time bomb and Dream is still there for him, despite circumstances)

### Notes

hello :)

serious note: these are merely their personas, so please, do not shove this ship into their

faces. theyve stated that theyre fine with this, but if one of them expresses discomfort, this work will be taken down immediately. respect, guys. it's not that hard.

less serious note: this... kinda made me cry a little at the end, so yeah. take that however you will

long overdue DREAM TEAM WEEK DAY 6: NEW YEARS EVE AND CRIME

CONTENT WARNING: hospitals, death, blood (maybe)

also, this isnt an accurate depiction of the disease. i merely googled it, tried to make it work, and put it in. please dont self-diagnose, and if you're concerned about your health, do consult a doctor for it.

mandatory apology for bad writing

good luck

EDIT: forgot to say that it might be ooc.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The smell of antibiotics doesn't sting Dream's nose as much anymore.

He doesn't know if it's a good thing, because getting used to it means that he's spending way too much time in the hospital, and spending way too much time in the hospital means that George's condition is getting worse and worse every day.

The slow, stray beeps from the heart monitor remind him that George is still alive.

Dream sighs, pulling the chair closer to George's thin, frail body, careful to not make a sound. George's hand is in his, and Dream plants a kiss at the back of it.

Snow lands near the window. Dream realises it's December.

( . . . )

The world is so much prettier when you learn how to appreciate it, and Dream has to learn that through looking out of a hospital room.

There's this sick sense of serenity that somehow only coexists in a private ward, so while Sapnap rejects it completely, stating that hospitals make him sick, Dream embraces it wholeheartedly.

George, on the other hand, doesn't get a choice.

Dream is watching the snowflakes land on the windowsill, the crystals fluttering silently as they join the white fluff, and Dream wonders if something as small as a snowflake can make any difference to this world. He wonders if they even matter at all.

"Dream?" George croaks out beside him, and for that one moment, Dream's heart shatters completely at how weak he sounds like, as if a breath from the wind can knock him over and he'd fall like a leaf.

"Do you ever wonder if the small things matter?" Dream asks, feeling George's eyes on him. "Do you ever wonder that, y'know, the little pieces in life change what's gonna happen in the end?"

George goes silent. Dream wonders if he has fallen back asleep (he does it more frequently now), but as he turns around he sees warm brown eyes staring back at him, those that he has fallen in love with. "Well, I guess it depends, but I believe it does. Why?"

"I dunno." Dream shrugs, looking down at their entwined hands. "Was just thinking."

"If you want to think of it this way, I guess some of it impacts us? Like the butterfly effect, y'know?" George coughs, reaching for a glass of water. Dream passes it to him. "Like, there are some stuff that might not matter if we did it differently, such as what cereal we eat in the morning, but there are others that might matter more, such as meeting new people."

"But the cereal might affect your mood," Dream points out, and when George rolls his eyes, Dream is teleported back into the past for a second, where he is back in his apartment in front of his computer, his headsets on and talking to George with an ocean in between them. "I dunno, you might want to eat Fruit Loops that day, and if there isn't any you might feel sour."

"If you put it that way, yeah," George mumbles, coughing again. "Well, I think the small things matter. Like, if I didn't decide to play Minecraft, and you didn't decide to play Minecraft, we wouldn't have met; if the both of us didn't become mods on Bad's server and liked coding, we wouldn't have met, y'know? I wouldn't have known Sapnap, and the three of us probably wouldn't have become best friends."

Dream chuckles, and even though they're in that shitty ward with its white, shitty walls, with needles and tubes attached to George, he feels normal again, like George is alright and happy and *healthy* and they don't have to worry about overexerting or overwhelming him.

"Oh, definitely. And I wouldn't have fallen for you, and your cheeky little grins," Dream teases, causing George to blush much to his delight. "And I wouldn't have confessed to you on Valentines Day, and you wouldn't have accepted-"

"Dream, stop-"

"And y'know, I wouldn't have loved you more every single fucking day."

There's a weak pull on Dream's hand, George beckoning him to come closer. With a smirk, Dream sits on the mattress, his hand instinctively reaching out to brush some of George's fringe to the side.

"Lie down." George pulls on his hand again, so Dream decides to comply, squirming to get a good position on the bed. The sheets are a little cold much to Dream's distaste, but he chokes down the complaint as he faces George.

George smiles, and Dream feels his world light up for a moment. "I love you, Dream."

"I love you too."

"There's this thing that I saw on the Internet." George clears his throat, eyes uneasy yet determined. "Like, how people show love and all that."

Dream hums, willing George to continue.

"Like, some people do this," George raises his index finger and taps on Dream's forearm thrice, "to say 'I love you'."

"That's interesting. Lemme try." Dream taps George on the nose thrice, earning a whack and a loud

protest from George as the latter scrunches up his nose.

Dream kisses him.

“Hold me?”

Dream pulls George closer, wrapping his arms around George. Somehow, George is smaller than before, his body skeletal thin, and Dream doesn’t want to think of the fact that he’s spent so much time in the hospital that he ends up *smelling* like one.

“Dream?”

Dream hums again.

“After I die, promise me you’ll be happy?”

“George, don’t-”

“Dream, listen,” George says, his voice stronger this time (though it doesn’t hide how frail and weak he still sounds). “I... I know I don’t have much time left, but please just... I don’t want you to hold onto a dead person. Please, if you ever find someone good for you, don’t be held down by me. I’d hate to be a burden.”

Dream rests his head on top of George’s head, holding him just a little tighter. “George, I promise you, you aren’t a burden.”

“Dream!” George whines, and there’s the feeling again, the feeling that everything’s still okay, that George isn’t close to dying in this cold, hard mattress that lacks the warmth of a human. “That’s the wrong promise!”

“Alright, alright,” Dream chuckles. He decides to let it drop and hope George doesn’t notice it, but when George looks back up at him with his stupid puppy eyes and his pout, Dream’s knees feel weak. “I... fine, I promise.”

“Promise what, Dream?”

The words are bitter in his mouth. “I... promise to be happy.”

George seems content as he snuggles back up into Dream’s chest again. Dream closes his eyes and tries not to think too much about it.

A blue butterfly lands on the white snow outside.

( . . . )

Somehow, George is diagnosed with this weird lung disease at the start of the year.

It’s funny how fate has decided to mock George, because the start of the year is supposed to be a brand new start for everyone. Dream thinks that it’s an early gift, and even Sapnap jokes about it a little at the start of the diagnosis, when George isn’t as weak and can still laugh to his heart’s content, unaware of the ticking time bomb that is going to be assigned to him.

They’re all fooling around in the hospital while nurses and doctors rush past them, still in their world of happiness when George’s name is called out. He saunters over to the doctor, a smile on his face as his two best friends wave him goodbye, confident that nothing bad is going to happen to George.

Dream and Sapnap are still talking about their plans in England, about how they’re going to visit the Big Ben and ride the London Eye when Dream notices George emerging from the room.

“How’s the gift?” Sapnap jokes, but when Dream looks into George’s eyes, his heart drops at the lack of humour in them. “George?”

Under the white, hospital lights, George somehow looks paler.

“George? What did he say?”

George doesn't respond as he collapses into Dream's arms. There's an uncomfortable silence that wraps around the trio, disturbing the light-hearted mood that used to be there as they wait for George to answer, when a small sob breaks out from George's lips.

Dream can feel him trembling in his arms, and he suppresses the urges to cry himself. "George, what did he say?"

"I'm sorry," is all George says, clinging onto the front of Dream's hoodie tighter.

Sapnap opens his mouth to say something, but the words die as soon as Dream sends him a glare. While Sapnap paces up and down the hallway in anticipation, Dream is rubbing small circles on George's back, whispering soothing words to try and comfort George.

They stand there for what feels like hours, until George pulls apart. He still doesn't look at them in the eye. "I think you... I think you should come into the doctor's room with me."

Dream and Sapnap exchange glances, but they follow behind George as the latter knocks on the wooden door in front of them. As he pushes it open, a man with brown hair and pink highlights is sitting in front of them. The plaque in front of him reads 'Techno'.

"I assume you're George's friends?"

Dream nods, settling into a pale blue seat on the right of George while Sapnap sits on the left. "Hello, Doctor... Techno?"

"Techno will do." The man waves, and Dream notices that amongst the stack of papers that are carelessly littered across the desk, in the middle of it is (possibly) George's file. "I don't do formalities."

"So, uh..."

"Right, about George, yes?" Techno flips the pages. "Have George told you anything for the past few months about his medical condition? Especially on how he breathes and all that?"

Dream glances at George nervously, but the latter isn't meeting his eyes, choosing to fumble with his fingers instead. "Well, he does say that he has difficulties breathing on a few occasions, but he usually says it's the London air. He screams a lot, but otherwise it's normal."

Techno frowns a little. "How about coughs?"

"Doctor, please, just tell us what's going on." Sapnap leans forward, his hair falling in front of his eyes. "Is he alright?"

"Far from that." Techno looks up at the both of them, his brows still furrowed in worry. "I'm afraid he might need to be hospitalised for a few days, just to be safe."

"What?"

"His... coughs, and breathing difficulties may be... how should I say this, may be more severe than what we see. The scans that we ran shows that he may have COPD, which is rare in someone as young as him, but it's not impossible."

"COBD?"

"COPD," Techno corrects, and the flipping of papers that he's doing is frankly pissing Dream off a little. "It's this form of lung disease, and it typically makes the patients harder to breathe overtime. You might cough out lots of mucus, and well, it may be fatal."

"I'm sorry, what?"

"But I promise you that he'll be fine," Techno looks up, and there's this hint of determination that Dream sees in his eyes. "It may be incurable, but there are medications for this that'll help prevent it from worsening. The hospital stay is just to check and confirm if it's COPD, otherwise he's free to go."

"You think so, Doctor?"



“I’m confident.” Techno smiles.

( . . . )

The checkups went better than expected.

At first, Dream doesn’t understand why George had freaked out in the hallway. Sure, he has to be hospitalised, and that probably meant spending a few hundred bucks on the room, but otherwise nothing went south. Even some of the tests for COPD have been negative, and although there may be some confusion on Techno’s end, there’s nothing that they can’t do.

“George, you’re gonna be alright,” Dream says, his thumbs running along George’s knuckles, feeling it rise and fall. “You’re gonna be fine.”

“I... don’t know,” George confesses, his voice cracking, and Dream finds it rare that his usually confident partner feels vulnerable. “I hope I’m alright.”

“You are,” Dream reassures. “George, look at me.”

George obeys. There’s uncertainty swimming in those brown eyes of his, his lips forming a thin line, worry plastered on his face. Dream wants nothing more than to wipe off that frown.

“You’re going to be alright, okay? And even if you’re not, I promise you, George, that I’ll be here for you, okay?”

George doesn’t seem convinced, but he gives Dream a smile anyway. “Alright, fine. But you have to take care of me, deal?”

Dream holds out his pinkie, an eyebrow slightly raised. George hooks his pinkie around Dream’s.

“Till death do us apart?”

George’s grin grows wider. “That’s from the wedding vows, idiot. We aren’t even married yet.”

“I don’t care.”

“Fine.” George huffs. “Till death do us apart.”

( . . . )

George is discharged three days later with several medications.

The trio had fun, despite George’s occasional coughs. They visited the Big Ben and London Eye like what George had promised, and when Dream and George kissed at the very top of the ferris wheel Sapnap started gagging and distancing himself from them to avoid ‘the cooties’.

Sure, they’d lost three days, but three days are nothing comparable when they have the rest of the days to make it up. On one day they have decided to sleep in and stay in George’s apartment for the entire day to play Minecraft, Dream relishing in the yelling and shouting that have been exchanged when they’re playing.

It feels so different seeing your best friends in real life than through the screen, and Dream will never forget this moment.

On one particular night, George has dragged them out to stargaze, leading them through the stairways of the apartment that scares Dream a little. Sapnap, on the other hand, seems unfazed. While George wrestles with the rusted door, the duo tease him, only for them to stop when it has opened dramatically with a loud creak, a proud George standing beside it.

They are on the rooftop of George’s apartment. Laying down a mat, George flops onto it and makes himself comfortable. As Sapnap complains about the cold, Dream is busy staring at George.

“You two are fucking gross,” Sapnap says, sticking his tongue out at Dream. “I swear, I’m like, third wheeling constantly or something.”

“Aww Sapnap, feeling left out?” George coos, “Come here, let me give you a hug.”

“No!” Sarnap barely manages to choke out the word as he dodges George’s attack, Dream laughing. With one swift motion, George is against his side, cuddling into him.

“Fine, I’ll stick with Dream.”

“Fine by me.”

“I hate the both of you,” Sarnap mumbles, but the smile on his face shows everything but hate towards the couple. “I swear, y’all are so fucking cheesy.”

“Oh, boohoo cracker, too fucking bad,” Dream retorts, feeling George shake from laughter.

Sarnap only rolls his eyes, choosing to focus on the stars above them. The trio soon nestles in the silence that fills the air, and while George is admiring the stars, Dream has slipped his hand into George’s.

And in that moment, with his best friends by his side, Dream feels incredibly lucky.

“You know I love you guys, right?”

“Yeah, you love one more than the other,” Sarnap jokes.

“No, I mean seriously. You guys are so important to me, I wouldn’t trade you guys for the world,” Dream confesses into the night sky, watching his breath form in front of him for a little before it dissipates.

“Oh yeah?” George says, challenge seeping into his voice. “Well, prove it.”

“What do you want me to do?”

George looks around, and his eyes light up as an idea pops into his head. “I want you to stand by

the side of the rooftops and shout ‘I love George and Sapnap’.”

“Do it, Dream,” Sapnap grins, and Dream sighs. “Oooh, you wouldn’t, would you? Fucking coward.”

The competitiveness in Dream rises as he stands up, scoffing at Sapnap, “Who said I wouldn’t?”

He walks towards the edge of the roof, which is thankfully barricaded by metal railings. They look flimsy, rusty through years of exposure in the changing weathers that Dream isn’t sure they’d hold him if he leaned on them, but it is the thought that counts. He lingers by the railings, his feet a little too close to the edge for comfort as he forces himself to not look down.

“Dream is a coward!” Sapnap chants, George’s laughter following soon after.

Without looking back, Dream put up the middle finger, which earns more laughter from the duo. The wind is rushing from below, reminding him of just how close he is to death, but he suppresses the thought and takes a deep breath in.

“I LOVE GEORGE AND SAPNAP!”

“Louder, Dream!” George cheers, coughing a little. Sapnap whoops, and the wind doesn’t seem as threatening to Dream anymore as he laughs.

“I LOVE GEORGE AND SAPNAP!”

With George’s and Sapnap’s laughters behind him, everything seems perfect.

( . . . )

It starts off small, like coughs that last for about five seconds or slight wheezes in between breaths. Occasionally, George complains about being out of breath over Discord, now that Dream and Sapnap are back from their visit in the UK.

At first, Dream never thinks too much about it. George has said that he was taking the meds that Techno had assigned him, and Dream trusts George to take care of himself.

It isn't until when the coughs become a little too frequent, that the wheezes become a little too audible that Dream starts to become concerned.

"George, you sure you don't want to go for a checkup?" Dream asks as George starts coughing once again. "It's getting kinda bad."

"I'm fine, I promise," George waves it off. "It's probably some small flu or something. Y'know, the weather's cold and all that, y'know? It's May."

"Right."

"I swear!" George grins, but it doesn't quite reach his eyes. "I promise, it'll go really quickly. I'm taking the meds anyway, so I'm alright."

There's something gnawing at Dream at the bottom of his stomach, like an invisible weight holding him down. He isn't sure what, but he knows something is wrong, yet he brushes it off as he returns the smile back to his boyfriend.

"Alright. Whatever you say, George."

( . . . )

The flu never went away.

George prefers to text more than voice call now, claiming that he'd be out of breath occasionally. Sapnap used to joke that Dream was the one taking George's breath away, but even he remained quiet as George had his coughing fits.

"George, are you sure you're alright?"

“I’m fine, I swear. It might just be that I’m not as athletic anymore,” George laughs, but soon it’s accompanied by a cough. “Fuck, sorry-”

George mutes himself before the duo could comment more. Worried, Dream types a message to Sapnap.

*Dream: i dont know what to do*

*Sapnap: same :/*

*Sapnap: he rly needs to see a doctor*

*Dream: he doesnt want to*

*Dream: thats the problem*

*Sapnap: cant we just force him? like, fly to the UK force him?*

“Hey guys, I’m back,” George announces, his voice weaker than usual. “Sorry, but I think I’ll just go to sleep for now. I’m getting kinda tired.”

“Isn’t it, like, four where you’re at? In the afternoon?” Sapnap questions. “You literally never sleep this early.”

“There’s this thing called a ‘nap’, Sap *nap*,” George teases, but Dream remains quiet. “Alright, goodnight, guys!”

The sound of George disconnecting from the call rings through Dream’s headsets, and the silence that comes afterwards is suffocating. There are a million thoughts running through Dream’s head, but Sapnap disrupts them with a soft sigh.

“I don’t think he’s taking care of himself, Dream.” Sapnap says, and the sadness in his voice is enough to shatter Dream’s heart.

Dream hums in agreement, unable to contribute to the conversation further.

“You know the thing that the doctor diagnosed George with? COPD?” Sapnap starts, the seriousness shocking Dream a little as he leans forward. “I Googled it, and the symptoms are kinda similar, y’know? And the things I’ve read up on... I don’t know, but we should get him to check again, just in case.”

Dream bites on his lip, his heart racing in worry. Even he himself, who has zero interest in the medical area, has read up on some articles on his boyfriend’s disease. It starts innocently at first: some coughs here and there, maybe a few wheezes, but it can grow deadly if George doesn’t visit the doctors soon.

Deadly. George might die.

“We should fly out,” Dream says out loud, looking over at Sapnap who also has the same, determined look on his face. “We fly out, and we get him back to the hospital. I don’t give a fuck if he doesn’t want to.”

“Well, plan’s on,” Sapnap chuckles, though it doesn’t mask the worry that’s resurfacing. “It’s my holiday now anyway.”

“Good. Is the fifteenth okay with you?”

Sapnap goes silent, presumably checking his schedule (it’s empty, so Dream doesn’t understand why he bothers with it). “Three days later? Sure.”

A small smile finds its way onto Dream’s face. “I guess I’ll see you soon.”

“See you soon, Dream.”

( . . . )

When George opens the door to his apartment, Dream almost cries in desperation.

Sapnap was right: George isn't taking care of himself at all. His eyes are sunken, tiredness clinging onto his features which are now contorted into surprise at the duo's arrival. His face is paler than before (which Dream didn't think was possible) and his lips are cracked. The T-shirt that used to fit him now hung loosely onto his body, and Dream wonders how much weight George has lost.

In all honesty, George looks awful.

Dream wonders if George even notices that.

"Georgie!" Sapnap throws his arms around George as a greeting, causing the other to almost topple over.

"Wait, you guys are-"

"Surprise," Dream chuckles, even though his heart is breaking at the sight of his boyfriend's state. "We're here."

"You're here!" George parrots, a glint of happiness present in his brown eyes. "You're both here!"

Sapnap detaches himself from George, and without hesitation, the latter throws himself into Dream's arms.

As Dream holds George tightly, he realises just how *thin* George has become. If George used to be lean, now he's almost skeletal. His fingers are bony, clinging onto Dream like he's George's lifeline, and he's so light that Dream is sure that even a slight gust of wind can knock him over.

"Hello, Georgie," Dream whispers, afraid to even shout in fear of harming the boy in his embrace.

"Hello."

And when Dream looks down and into George's eyes, his breath seems to stop.

Somehow, his eyes are the most captivating part of it all.



“Hey, lovebirds, can you break it up already,” Sapnap grumbles, dragging his luggage behind him noisily. “I wanna go in!”

George snorts, the small wheeze that accompanies it reminding both Dream and Sapnap of their mission as the former untangles himself from Dream’s arms. “Fine. Come in.”

The duo looks at George with a worried glance before they step into his house.

( . . . )

With much reluctance and persuasion from both parties, George finally agrees to go to the hospital again.

It’s tough, because somehow George is in this state of denial where he refuses to listen to either of them. That, accompanied with George’s stubbornness, almost drives Sapnap and Dream insane. There are times when one of them almost breaks something in George’s house, and there are times when either Dream or Sapnap will storm out of the apartment, mumbling about getting some fresh air.

It isn’t until when Dream has placed bets with George that he agrees.

“I swear, this is the easiest thousand I’ve ever earned,” George grins, and even though Sapnap smiles back, Dream knows that it isn’t sincere. “Dream, you’re so gonna fucking lose.”

“Sure, sure,” Dream mumbles, sighing in relief as the hospital comes into view. With George’s mindless chatterings (as well as the occasional coughs) filling up the silence, Dream has managed to find a parking space.

As soon as the doors slide open, the severity of the situation suddenly hits Dream in the face. Gulping, he holds George closer subconsciously, as if that alone can protect George from all the evils of the world.

“I’ll go to the receptionist. You guys can wait for me somewhere?” Dream suggests, and Sapnap nods beside him, leading George to the nearby benches to sit down.

He awkwardly trudges to the receptionist, who looks busy with the paperwork she has on her desk, and clears his throat. “Uhh... excuse me-”

“Oh, hi, yes!” She looks up, tucking away some of her hair that’s covering her face. “How may I help you?”

“Uhm... so my friend over there... he uh, he’s coughing really badly? And he’s out of breath frequently so I was wondering if we could get some checkups or some sort?” Dream asks, drumming his fingers along the counter.

“Does he have an appointment?”

Dream frowns. In the midst of all the fighting and yelling, they had somehow forgotten about booking one. “No... but he has been here before.”

“Can I get his name?”

The lady slides a pen and paper across the counter, typing away on the computer as Dream writes down George’s name. He doesn’t realise how his fingers are shaking until his letters come out askew and crooked.

He slides it over wordlessly, gripping onto his hoodie in an attempt to steady his fingers while the receptionist searches up George’s history, her black and blonde hair partially covering her face. The clicking of the keyboard isn’t enough to drown out Dream’s nervousness, but a slight hum from her brings him back to reality.

“Yeap, he was under... Doctor Techno. Would you like to book an appointment for him again?”

Dream fumbles with his fingers. “Uh, actually, is it possible to visit him now?”

“Uhm... I’d have to check...”

“Please?” Dream smiles, trying his best to look as convincing as possible. When the lady gives him a nod, the weight in his heart lifts a little. “Thank you, Miss...”

“Niki,” she smiles back and stands up. “Please give me a few moments.”

The wait, despite being around minutes long, feels like decades to Dream. He looks over nervously at the duo, Sapnap giving him a thumbs up while George is scrolling through his phone. Dream notices that Sapnap’s jacket is around George, and he thanks the gods for having Sapnap there to take care of George.

“So I’ve heard you’re looking for me.” A familiar voice causes Dream to look over, and there’s Techno standing there, his coat thrown around his shoulder haphazardly while a cup of hot coffee sits in between his hands. As he sees Dream, he tilts his head. “I may have seen you before.”

“Yes, uh... hi, my friend over there is uh... he’s experiencing severe coughing, as well as some out of breath symptoms. I was wondering if you could run a scan for him again?” Dream describes George’s conditions again as Niki passes Techno a file. Settling his cup onto the counter, he flips through George’s files silently before pausing.

“What did you say he has again?”

“Uh... severe coughing, and out of breath,” Dream repeats.

“Anything else?”

“I think he sounds more tired now? He doesn’t usually take naps, but he’s taking more. And he has lost a lot of weight,” Dream says as he looks at Techno, who has his eyes glued onto the file.

“Where is he?”

Dream points to George, and when Techno looks up, there’s something unidentifiable behind his eyes.

“Niki, prepare a room for a CT scan if you will. I’ll be at my office if you don’t see me here,”

Techno says, thanking Niki as she walks back down the hallway again before turning back to Dream. “I’m afraid I have some bad news, but I can’t be sure until the results are out.”

“What?”

“Tell George to follow me.” There’s this sense of urgency in Techno’s tone that scares Dream, as if something bad is going to happen. “I might need you to stay outside and wait. Unless George needs your support.”

Dream beckons George and Sapnap over, looking back at Techno. “So, we’ll wait for you here?”

“No.” Techno shakes his head, and Dream feels really lost. “All three of you follow me, but the both of you-” He points to Sapnap and Dream. “-can wait outside while I ask George some questions. Is that alright with you?”

The trio shares a glance before Sapnap nods.

“Good. Now, follow me.”

( . . . )

It’s hours before they hear from Techno again.

Once they’ve reached Techno’s room, George is escorted into it with a hint of importance, the door almost slamming shut at how rushed Techno is. Dream watches as Niki knocks on the door, an unspoken signal that the CT room is ready as she leaves, giving the two boys a small nod.

George is accompanied by Techno to the room with a white hospital gown, and that’s the last time they’ve seen their friend. When Techno returns without George, a frown on his face, Dream can feel his guts churning.

His hands are shaking.

Sapnap is pacing along the corridor, and Dream can see how nervous he is as the other walks back and forth. It's kind of pissing Dream off a little when Sapnap passes his vision, but he suppresses a complaint as his leg bounces up and down in anticipation, occasionally running his hand through his hair.

The corridor is somehow deadly quiet, and for once, Dream hates how silent everything is.

A creak interrupts the boys' actions, Techno emerging from his room with fatigue clinging onto his entire being. As he approaches them, Dream and Sapnap approach him concurrently.

"How's George?" Dream breaks the silence, but the look that Techno gives him is enough to hint at what is about to come.

"We should talk about this in my office." Techno turns around, causing both Dream and Sapnap to follow behind him. He gestures to the two pale blue chairs, shutting the door gently behind him, opposed to what he has done with George.

Suddenly, Dream is very, very scared.

"Doctor--"

"Please, just refer to me as Techno."

"Techno," Sapnap clears his throat. "How's George?"

"Alright, I'm gonna cut to the point here. I'm not going to sugarcoat anything, so if you will, please brace yourselves," Techno warns, flipping the manila file in front of him. "George isn't in a good state right now. The disease, COPD, has worsened, and I fear that George might have dragged on a little too late--"

"But he's going to be fine, right?" Sapnap speaks again, interrupting Techno. "I mean, there's medication and stuff to stop it from worsening, no? It's not... George isn't gonna die, right? He can't be," Sapnap chuckles. "C'mon, man, he can't die from this shit, can he?"

Techno only remains silent.

“No, this can’t be-”

“Sapnap, calm down,” Dream mumbles, but Sapnap isn’t taking any of his shit as he continues staring at Techno.

“Doctor, he’s gonna be fine, isn’t he? Tell me!”

“Sapnap!” Dream snaps. Techno flinches a little at the outburst. “Shut the fuck up!”

The silence that follows is almost unnerving.

“You are right,” Techno says, and it pains Dream to see Sapnap’s eyes light up, a sliver of hope that’s soon to be crushed. “But unfortunately, at his current stage, they don’t work.”

The words that escape Techno’s mouth lingers in the air, its weight finally snapping as reality crashes down onto all of them. Ironically, Dream still doesn’t quite believe what Techno has said, rejecting the thought of George being so close to Death’s scythe, slow dancing with the Devil himself.

Dream doesn’t dare to wish for more, because hope is an illusion that hides the painful truth of George having that stupid lung disease. He’s not an idiot: some quick Google searches have confirmed the worst case scenario that they’re going to face.

Hope is a stupid, stupid thing, an escape from reality. And for now, Dream wants to do anything other than face it, but he has promised to be there for George, to stay with him through thick or thin.

Till death does them apart.

Dream clears his throat as words barely stumble out of his mouth. “How long does he have?”

“I don’t know,” Techno admits, and that’s the worst sentence that Dream can hear from a doctor himself. “Three months? Two? But he’d be lucky if he survives the year.”

“Is there... is there anything we can help him with?” Sapnap whispers, his voice shaky as he looks up at Techno. “Like, what do we avoid, to... y’know?”

Dream looks away.

“The ward that he’s staying in should be okay for him, just don’t stress him out as much. He doesn’t have to avoid any food unless he has allergies,” Techno says, sighing. “Let him rest. He’s going to take lots of naps. And just... be there for him.”

“Can we visit him now?”

Techno glances at them with a pitying look: one that Dream hates the most. “Sure. Follow me.”

( . . . )

*George looks so out of place* is the first thing that comes into Dream’s mind as the door is opened.

His skinny frame is covered in the same, white hospital gown when they had last seen him, his arms lined up with tubes and needles that *shouldn’t* be there. Thankfully, his brown hair is still a little disheveled, the small feature of George that Dream had always adored.

George looks out of place, because somehow, the snow white surroundings of it all highlights how sunken his cheeks are, the shadows popping up even more. The dark circles under his eyes seem more prominent, and Dream hates it all, because before that he can blame George’s dark circles and sunken cheeks on the lighting of his room. And yet now, with everything exposed and bland, Dream can’t escape from the truth of it all.

George is going to die soon.

“Don’t stare at me like that,” George chuckles awkwardly, shifting on the bed to make space for both of his friends as best as he can without disturbing the tubes. Sapnap reacts first, walking over

to George and sitting by his bed, and when Dream doesn't move, George pats on the empty space beside Sapnap again. "I'm not gonna bite."

"George." Dream collapses onto the hard mattress, a small yet unconvincing smile slapped onto his face. "How are you?"

"What do you think?" George raises his arm, rolling his eyes and earning a laugh from Sapnap.

At least George still has his shit humour with him. Dream allows himself to smile wider.

( . . . )

Sapnap visits less frequently now, stating his distaste for hospitals. At first, Dream is worried that George might be upset, but when he brings it up, all George does is laugh and wave it off.

"You know Sapnap hates hospital," he'd always say, coughing in the midst of it. "His face literally turns sour."

Dream shrugs it off. It's better for someone to stay in George's house and take care of his pets, anyway.

"Well, at least we can spend more time with each other." Dream grins, lying on the bed beside George to prove his point, while George laughs again.

George seems to laugh a lot nowadays.

It's as if this disease has caused George to be more... happy, in a twisted way. He laughs a little more carefree now, though sometimes his coughs and wheezes interrupt him halfway. There's always a bright, charming smile on his face, and when Dream comes over, he perks up like his entire world is lit up by just Dream's presence alone.

Dream, on the other hand, is more careful, more cautious in his actions. He always makes sure to not speak too loudly, or speak too quickly. He chooses his words, weighs his options a little more carefully now. Now, Dream doesn't seem as eager to lead the conversation anymore.



It's as if the both of them have switched personalities.

Sapnap points this out one day, on the rare occasion that he has decided to visit George. The bed isn't meant for three grown up adults, but they still make it work, with Dream's arm around George's shoulder, fingers brushing Sapnap's arm every so often, while Sapnap lies on his side and tries his best not to curl up like he always does.

"Y'know, it's weird to see Dream this quiet," Sapnap says, catching Dream's attention. "And it's weird to see George this... I don't know, this... floaty? It's like you two changed or something." Then, he holds up two fingers and twists them. "Swapped."

"Well, is that good or not?" George murmurs, close to sleeping as he leans into Dream's touch, eyes half lidded.

"I don't know," Sapnap admits. "I just find it peculiar."

Dream hums, running his hand through George's hair every so often as the other snuggles closer into Dream's embrace. When there's a soft snore, Dream leans down and kisses George on the forehead.

Sapnap's looking at Dream when the other tucks George in. "Dude, seriously though, are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine," Dream says, maybe a little too quickly. "I'm good; perfect, even."

"I... don't know about that," Sapnap squints, and damn him and his eagle eyes, damn him and his fucking intuition that's always right. "Penny for your thoughts?"

Dream snorts. "I'd sell them for a dollar instead."

"You get what I mean," Sapnap huffs, squirming to get off the bed. He stretches a little, his bones popping due to the stiff position he has been in for the past hour. "Seriously, Dream. Is something bothering you?"

“I’m fine.”

“You’re not.”

“Fine!” Dream hisses. “You wanna know why I’m not fine? George is going to die, Sapnap! He’s going to die, and it’s probably my fault that I never tried hard enough to convince him to visit the doctors soon! He’s going to die and I’m worried that the time we spent together isn’t enough, because I promised that I’d bring him to Florida and tour him around! I promised him that I’d travel around the world with him, and kiss him under the brightest stars!

“And now,” Dream chokes, his nose turning sour, and *god he’s going to cry*. “And now, I won’t be able to fulfill his dreams with him, and the promises we’ve made together.”

Sapnap watches in silent as Dream buries his face in his hands, before reaching over to pat Dream on the shoulder. Sniffing, Dream wipes away his tears, trying his best to concentrate on Sapnap’s hand on his back.

“I don’t know what to do,” Dream says hopelessly. “Fuck. I don’t want to lose him.”

“Me neither.” Sapnap looks over at George, who’s sleeping soundly with his back facing the duo. “We’ll just have to make the best out of the remaining time.”

Dream stares into the distance. “Yeah. I guess.”

( . . . )

It’s George’s birthday.

It’s George’s birthday, and for what is supposedly a happy occasion, it feels wrong to celebrate it in the hospital ward, where it’s grim and gloomy and lifeless, so Sapnap has the magnificent idea to go to the garden that’s right below the hospital the day before.

“Can’t we find anywhere better?” Dream asks, walking along the corridor with his Chinese takeaway. “Like, seriously. It’s his birthday and we’re celebrating it in the hospital?”

“He can’t leave, Dream. And have you seen him? He’s barely able to walk!”

“There are wheelchairs!”

Sapnap’s voice crackles through the phone, and Dream curses under his breath at the static. “Look, he’s either gonna get tired or just fall asleep right away, so I don’t think going outside is-”

“This is his last birthday, Sapnap!” Dream snaps.

Sapnap goes silent on the other side.

“Sapnap, I-”

“You don’t think I know?” Sapnap chuckles, a little too deep for Dream’s liking. “You don’t think I know for a fact that your precious boyfriend is dying? I was there, Dream! I- You’re not the only one who’s affected!”

“Look, Sapnap, I’m s-”

“Listen, Dream,” Sapnap snarls. “I’m hurting too, alright? Don’t fucking pull that ‘last birthday’ thing on me because I *know*, and I’m painfully aware of it, thank you very much. I- I don’t know what you want from me.”

“Sap-”

“Don’t ‘Sap’ me. I-” Sapnap growls, the venom seething from his words. “I’m gonna go. Don’t bother calling.”

He hangs up.

Dream stares at his phone in disbelief as he tries to dial Sapnap’s number, only to reach his

voicemail. With a heart that's heavy with guilt, he pushes the door to George's ward, setting the food down on the table.

"You're back," George says, struggling to sit up. Dream smiles as he rushes over, propping the pillow behind George and helping him up. "How's the trip?"

"Alright." Dream smiles, and even though he doesn't feel as hungry anymore, he still decides to open up the fried rice that he had just bought. It's George's favourite, so he pushes the container towards George. "You want some?"

George shakes his head, coughing a little. "I'm not hungry."

Dream's heart drops slightly, but he covers it up with a brighter smile while waving the food in front of George. "You sure? I'll finish it all~"

"Fuck off," George rolls his eyes, pushing the container back to Dream. "I'm going back to sleep solely because you're here."

"Aw, George," Dream pouts, and he knows he has stolen George's heart once again when the latter's eyes linger on his lips a little too long. "I can feed you if you want."

With that, Dream puts a mouthful of rice in his mouth and leans forward to kiss George. George pushes him away, squeaking and yelling at Dream about hygiene and *Dream, that's fucking gross!*

Dream only laughs, but George pulls on his collar again, and Dream wonders if the other can hear how quickly and loudly his heart is beating right now with such close proximity. They stare into each other's eyes a little too long, until George leans in and plants a kiss on his cheek.

"I love you."

Dream kisses George fully on the lips (this time without the rice) and leans his forehead against George's.

“I love you too.”

( . . . )

The leftover rice sits in the container.

Dream doesn't feel like eating it, because it feels weird and wrong that he's enjoying something that George used to enjoy. It feels weird and wrong that he's mobile, that he's not bedridden but his boyfriend is, that he can still do everything but his boyfriend can't.

He feels George's head on his shoulder, breath even as he murmurs something in his sleep. Sometimes, George would be coughing violently, hacking away even as he wakes up, out of breath that he has to gasp painfully just to get oxygen back into his lungs again. Sometimes, George will wheeze a little too loudly, and occasionally his voice will be thick with phlegm that he can barely complete his sentence.

In these times, Dream's heart will skip a beat, and he waits with bated breath and fear until George's coughs eventually go away, draining him of energy. In these times, Dream will anticipate for the worst as he holds George's hand tightly, patting on his back until George rids all the phlegm and liquid in his lungs.

In these times, Dream will be terrified. Terrified of losing George, that one day, he isn't going to be there when George actually leaves him. He's terrified of all the things that they have never done, the days that they have never shared, the experiences that they had both promised each other.

He knows George is a ticking time bomb, and there's no way to defuse him. All they have to do is sit around and wait for the day until the timer reaches zero, until the spark reaches the end of the wire, and then...

And then what?

What would Dream do once George is gone, once the love of his life has left him for good? What would Dream do once the person he has loved too deeply, the person that he has established *home* in disappears, and that he won't be coming back ever? What would he do, what *can* he do, to get rid of the sadness and the pain that he's convinced going to kill him?

What would Dream do with the unfinished symphony of their life? Does he keep on writing, keep moving on, while George's melody ends? Does he continue singing and playing the notes while George's part decrescendos until it's so silent that Dream has to remind himself that George is still there?

But a concerto doesn't sound the same when there's a part gone, and a symphony doesn't sound complete when it's only Dream himself, until all that's left are the memories he shares with George and his laughter that he's barely holding onto.

Dream feels George move closer to him. His fingers curl around George's tighter as Dream presses a kiss on George's forehead.

"Oh, darling. What have you done to me?"

( . . . )

Dream calls back Sapnap, and this time, it goes through.

"What?" Sapnap grumbles. Dream knows he's still angry, but for once, he pushes his ego and pride aside.

"I'm sorry." The apology burns his tongue, almost causing him to choke on his words, but he pushes through with his teeth slightly gritted and his fingers clenched in his hoodie pocket. "I shouldn't have snapped at you like that. I... I'm sorry."

Sapnap goes silent at the other end, and Dream almost checks to see if he's there, but then there's slight ruffling. "Alright."

"You're not gonna accept my apology?"

"I'm not obligated to," Sapnap says. "So, George's *last* birthday, where should we go?"

Sapnap's words hurt Dream just a little, but he covers the thorn in his heart with gritted teeth. "Let's just use your suggestion."

“Sounds good.”

“Sapnap, I’m sorry,” Dream says, this time firmer.

He can hear Sapnap smile, and the worry that clouds his head fades away slightly. “I know. See you later, Dream.”

“See you.”

( . . . )

The celebration, compared to past years, is quiet. George reassures them that it’s alright, even going as far as telling them that spending time with the duo in real life is the best gift that he has ever gotten.

“Y’know, at least Sapnap doesn’t lag as much anymore,” George says, earning him a soft smack on his shoulder. “I can hear him clearly now.”

It’s almost evening, and Dream chuckles as Sapnap threatens to push George into a wall. With a few horrendous swerves and maneuvers that Dream swears is going to kill George, they manage to find a quiet spot in the garden, a private area that isn’t filled with sickly patients and concerned nurses and over excited kids.

Locking the wheelchair, Dream sits on the bench beside George, while the other chooses to walk around and admire the flowers. The couple doesn’t mind: it’s probably Sapnap’s first time here, anyway.

“Do you still remember that one night?” George whispers, resting his head against the wall behind him as he intertwines both their hands together.

“Which?”

“When we spent our time on our rooftops? The time when Sapnap and I challenged you to yell?”

Dream grins. How could he have forgotten that night? It was when he felt the most carefree, when all the stress in his life didn't matter as much and all the burdens on his shoulders were lifted. It was when he felt the happiest, especially with both of his friends by his side, the howls of the wind by his ears and all he can feel is the smile on his face and his racing heart, fueled by adrenaline.

“Of course I do.” Chuckling, he turns to George, and for a moment, they lock eyes. “I don't think I would've ever forgotten that night.”

“I dare you to do it again,” George says, and the golden rays that's settling on his skin somehow makes him look more angelic, even if the hollows of his cheeks betray the secret tango between Death and himself. The light that's dancing in his eyes seems brighter, and Dream's heart swells and all he wants to do is kiss the life out of George and steal his breath away.

But he refrains, letting his usual cocky grin take over as he raises an eyebrow. “You think I won't?”

The expression on George's face speaks louder than words.

Dream stands up, his fingers slipping away from George's as he walks over to the fences that barricade him from the outer world, a distinct line drawn between life and death. Sapnap gives him a weird glance, but he dismisses it as he leans over the white fences.

“I LOVE GEORGE AND SAPNAP!”

“Holy fuck-” Sapnap groans, burying his face in his hands as several curious looks are thrown in their way. “Please don't- I don't associate with you-”

“Oh, come on. So yelling on the rooftops at 3am is fine, but this isn't?” Dream flings an arm around Sapnap's shoulder, trapping him in his embrace. Squawking, Sapnap struggles against Dream's grip, tickling the other's side to escape. As he twists away from Dream's grasp, running away, George sits by his wheelchair and laughs while Dream gives chase.

With the sunset in the background, George convinces himself that everything's fine, just for a moment.



( . . . )

“What did you wish for?”

George hums, snuggling closer to Dream, the bittersweet taste of chocolate still at the tip of his tongue. “I can’t tell you. It won’t come true then.”

“Aw, please?” Dream begs, and the small whine in his words makes George’s heart skip a beat, and he wonders when he’s going to get over Dream and how much he loves him. “Pretty please with a cherry on top and chocolate?”

“Fine.” The stars outside seem to twinkle brighter at his agreement, eavesdropping into their conversation despite tinted windows and baby blue curtains standing in between, and George almost backs out if not for the warm body that’s pressing against him and the gentle breath that’s ruffling the fringe of his hair. “I wish to watch the fireworks on New Year.”

“That’s pretty cool.”

“Now it won’t happen anymore,” George huffs. “All thanks to you, Dream.”

George can almost hear Dream rolling his eyes. “That’s not how it works, Georgie. Wanna bet?”

“Sure. Fifty bucks.”

“I’m so going to win this one.” Dream kisses him tenderly on the forehead.

George presses himself against Dream’s chest, listening to the steady beat of his heart. “We’ll see about that.”

( . . . )

Dream almost loses George one day.

It starts off as a normal cough, one that attacks George everyday that Dream doesn't even blink an eye, deciding to offer soothing pats on the other's back instead. When George doesn't stop and the coughs escalate and wreck George's small frame, Dream gets slightly concerned, offering George a piece of tissue paper.

To his horror, it doesn't stop: George is wheezing, gasping for air as the coughs become more rapid, and for a moment, Dream almost believes that George is going to cough his lungs out if he continues.

The tissue stains red, droplets blooming like deadly flowers that might look mesmerising if not for the cause of it. Dream slams the emergency button beside George's bedside as he watches in horror, panicked and unsure of what to do.

Almost immediately, Techno is slamming the door open, rushing to George's side with a few nurses. The heart rate monitor beside is beeping wildly, the pulses jumping up and down with sharp peaks that Dream is terrified of a straight, flat line that might follow. He stands there frozen, watching as George claws at the bedsheets and at arms that belong to nurses before he's pushed out of the ward by one of the nurses.

She slams the door shut in front of him before he can even get a word in.

( . . . )

Sapnap reaches the hospital five minutes after Dream's call.

Somehow, the brunette has managed to shorten the fifteen minute journey, and Dream suspects that running multiple red lights might have contributed to it. Still, he's grateful that there's someone familiar around him as Sapnap's sneakers squeak against the marble tiles of the hospital, panting in front of Dream.

"Where is he?" His hair is disheveled, his fingers pulling on the bottom of his hoodie, eyes never leaving Dream. "Dude, where the fuck-"

"Still in there," is all Dream replies, motioning to the pale beige door that has George's name on it,

not looking up. “I called you as soon as I could.”

“How long has it been?”

Dream remains silent. Frankly, he isn’t sure how to reply Sapnap, because even he himself isn’t sure of how much time has passed. Time has slipped past between his fingers, past his grip because all he can think of now is *George, George, George* and if this is the last time he’s going to see George ever again.

So Dream just shrugs, brushing the frustrated groan from Sapnap off his shoulders.

They fall into silence once again, unspoken words exchanged through anxious taps from Dream’s feet and frantic paces, and it’s almost sinful how peaceful the hospital is in contrast to George’s attack. It almost seems wrong, *suffocating* even, to be in the hallway.

So he stands up, and with courage that has somehow seeped into his blood, he walks away.

Sapnap doesn’t stop him.

( . . . )

Dream is a coward.

He’s sitting in the cafeteria, a warm cup of coffee in between his hands as he stares at the murky liquid inside, trying to create some sort of a waterspout with his stirrer. There are people rushing past him, bubbly nurses chatting with each other as tired doctors try to wave sleep off with caffeine and food. Some of the visitors are also grabbing a quick bite, and he wonders what each of them are here for.

He’s sitting in the cafeteria, and he’s trying to pretend that everything’s okay, that George isn’t battling death five floors above him, that he isn’t there for George when George needs him the most. He’s sitting in the cafeteria, and he’s a coward, because who runs off when they should be by their partner’s side? Who runs off because they’re too afraid of reality, that maybe, just *maybe*, if he doesn’t witness it, George will still be alive and everything will be fine and this stupid fucking disease will go away and he’d be back in Florida and George’d be back in his apartment and they’d be laughing over shitty memes in their own rooms?

He's sitting in the cafeteria, and his hands are shaking, tears blurring his vision.

The coffee is cold.

Despite the brave fronts he puts up, deep down, Dream knows that he's a coward.

( . . . )

"Figured I'd find you here." Sapnap sits down on the bench beside Dream, who's staring at the white picket fence that separates them from the outer world, where everything is normal. "He's fine. Sleeping now."

"Thanks Sap," Dream sighs. "I'm sorry."

"Hm?"

"I left. I don't know why." A butterfly flutters in front of him, its blue wings glowing under the sun. Dream takes a moment to admire its beauty before it lands on a flower near him.

Sapnap hums. "Y'know, it's okay to not know why."

"But what if he hates me, Sap?" Dream mumbles, hating how his voice cracks in the middle of the sentence. "For abandoning him when he needs me the most?"

Sapnap is quiet for a moment, and Dream can almost hear him think until he clears his throat. "He won't. I think he knows you well enough. Besides, you're always here for him, aren't you? In the hospital and keeping him company?"

"I... guess," Dream shrugs.

"Look, why don't you go talk to him later?" Sapnap suggests. "I don't know how this relationship

thing works, but I assume communication is key.”

“Thanks.”

Sapnap nods. Beside him, the butterfly lands on the armrest of the bench.

( . . . )

“George?” Dream calls out in the dark, his voice close to a whisper. When he doesn’t get a response, he’s prepared to leave when fingers wrap around his wrist, causing him to jump in surprise.

There’s a small tug from George, so Dream obeys and stumbles to the nearest chair, barely catching himself from falling onto the floor. Sapnap has left earlier after talking to George, and for once, Dream is scared of what Sapnap has told George.

He can feel George’s eyes on him even in the dark, staring at him, making Dream squirm a little. George’s fingers are still on Dream’s wrist, his touch as cold as ice, as if stealing warmth from Dream like he’s George’s fireplace.

Dream lets him. He lets George do whatever, lets George drown him in love and light him up with featherlike touches. He lets George do whatever, and if George wants the moon and the stars and everything in between, he’d risk his life to get it for him, just to see him smile again. He lets George do whatever, because he’s afraid of the day that George can no longer do anything to him.

No, not afraid. Terrified.

“George?”

“Dream, it’s okay,” George says, and Dream groans, because Sapnap has *definitely* told George about the conversation earlier. He slouches a little, averting his gaze away from where George is when George pulls on his wrist again. “I’m here, darling. I’m here, and I’m okay.”

“I’m scared.”

“Aren’t we all?” He can almost hear George smile.

“I’m sorry.”

George’s grip on his wrist loosens a little, but Dream holds onto him, holds onto the tiny shred of sanity that’s grounding him in this hospital, and he wonders how George survives this, survives with the sickly disease and the fact that he’s going to die earlier than the rest of them. His hand reaches out to touch George’s face.

It’s wet. “George…”

“I don’t want you to see me die,” George confesses, leaning into Dream’s hand. “Dream, I don’t want you to see me like that again.”

Dream doesn’t know what to say to that, so he doesn’t, using his other hand to instead play with George’s fringe.

“I don’t want you to visit me again, Dream.”

“What?”

George’s voice is still shaky, but there’s a hint of firmness behind his tone. “I don’t want you to visit me. After today. I don’t want you to-”

“Go to sleep, George.”

“Dream,” George pleads, and he’s trying to tear himself away from Dream’s touch. “Don’t. I’ll tell the nurses to ban you. I mean it.”

Dream presses a kiss to George’s lips, trying his best to tell George that *no, I’m not going to leave you, no matter what* but he already knows he’s betrayed his own words by running away before, so he presses harder into George again until all he can feel is George’s hand tugging on his hair and

George's lips against his and George George *George*.

When they part, Dream is breathless, staring at George with love that makes his heart want to burst and even though George doesn't look his best, he's still his best friend, his lover, his world and his *home* .

And Dream doesn't know what he'll do if he loses it all.

"Shh, baby," Dream whispers, holding George closer to him. "Go to sleep. I'll be here when you wake up."

"You promise?"

Dream almost sobs as he wraps his pinky around George's.

"I promise."

( . . . )

On rare occasions, George would be awake while Dream is asleep. It might be the fact that Dream is a heavy sleeper, or George's sleep schedule is so fucked up that he'd still wake up at abnormal times.

Well, today is one of them.

Dream's arm is draped over him, his boyfriend snuggling close to him with his dirty blonde hair ruffled messily. He looks almost peaceful when he's asleep, in contrast to the tight lipped smile he'd give him everyday, worry swimming in those green eyes of his.

He knows he's the cause of all that, and the guilt is gnawing at the edges of his heart, threatening to eat him up alive. Sometimes, he wished that he had never met Dream, because not meeting Dream meant that the other wouldn't have to go through the pain now, meant that he could've hurt one less person.

But it's too late: George has dragged both Dream and Sapnap into this mess, *his* mess. He has dragged two people, two undeserving people who he calls family into this, and now there's no way out. So he tries to hold on, tries to laugh as loudly as possible, tries to smile as wide as he can until his cheeks hurt, tries to mitigate the hurt so that he holds all the responsibility.

He has tried to build a wall around him, but Dream and Sapnap keep crashing in over and over, their stubbornness persisting even when George tries to tell them that he's okay (though he's sure his body is betraying his words). At least Sapnap doesn't come and visit him often: there's less of an emotional attachment, George supposes.

But with Dream, it's different.

Everything with Dream is different, because he's his *boyfriend* first of all, and George doesn't know how he's gotten so lucky with it. Dream laughs a little too loudly at the stupid jokes George makes and grins a little too cockily at the challenges that George gives him, but yet he loves a little too fiercely and falls a little too quickly for George.

And George thinks that it's alright, letting calls go up to as long as two days and letting his cheeks burn a little too brightly at every message Dream sends him. George thinks that it's alright to let Fate put the two of them together, despite the unmatching pieces that sparks fights between them and jagged edges that either might not get used to. George thinks that it's alright to let himself fall for the first time in his life, to fling himself into the depths of the ocean he calls love, because Dream might not be the perfect match for him, but he's willing to be there for George through thick and thin.

They're both two pieces of puzzle that don't fit, yet ironically, they've found home in the warmth of each other's embrace.

So he thinks Fate is a little cruel to snatch Dream away again from his arms, to let Death whisk himself away with his scythe and his bloody grin. Perhaps she has decided that separating the two by an ocean isn't enough, taking another step, and it's unfair. George is playing a game with no winners, dancing to no rhythm, and the sick part of it all is that he knows when it's going to stop.

He pulls Dream closer to him, burying his nose in his dirty blonde locks.

George tries to make the best of the situation.



Snow gently falls outside the window.

( . . . )

George grows weaker and weaker every day.

The worst part of it all is that Dream can't do anything to save him. Dream watches his boyfriend crumble in front of him, skin growing paler and eyes becoming more hollow as cheeks begin to sink further. Dream watches as George slips from his grasp little by little, bit by bit, like sand in an hourglass.

And it's time until it runs out.

So all Dream can do is sit by his side and pray with every fibre in his body, that George can last till next year.

It's wishful thinking. But Dream holds onto it.

( . . . )

"Sap, I wanna do something for Christmas."

Sapnap looks up, an eyebrow raised as he stares at the dirty blonde in front of him. "What?"

"I want to do something for George on Christmas," Dream says. "Like, I have an idea. But I need your help."

"It's something illegal, isn't it?"

Dream's silence speaks volume. Sapnap groans, running his hand through his hair as he shuts his laptop down. "Fine. What do you want to do?"

“I’m glad you asked.”

( . . . )

“Are you excited for Christmas tomorrow?”

In the distance, coloured fairy lights blink slowly, standing out in the white canvases that the snow has created. George shrugs, staring out of the window, and it’s twisted how he can taste snowflakes on the tip of his tongue.

“Sapnap and I prepared something,” Dream continues, because nowadays George rarely talks anymore, choosing to instead use his eyes and emotions to convey what he wants to say. “I hope you like it.”

George’s eyelids are feeling heavier, but he still gives Dream a small smile, his finger twitching. Dream puts his hand over George’s, encasing it in warmth, and if George has the energy he’d pull Dream into a kiss.

But he just lays there, and hopes that somehow, *somehow* , Dream can feel his love.

( . . . )

It’s Christmas.

When Dream walks into the ward, with his stupidly ugly (cute) green and red jumper and a stupidly cute smile on his face, George half expects Sapnap to be there. When the other doesn’t show up, George feels a small pang of disappointment in his heart.

He looks at Dream, but the latter only gives him a smile and slight reassurance that Sapnap’s late, and *of course Sapnap’s always late* . George rolls his eyes, which earns a slight huff of laughter from Dream, though he can feel his cheeks burn a little as Dream presses his lips against George’s cheek.

The day passes by uneventfully: Techno coming in to check his vitals and making sure that he's still alive, wishing them a Merry Christmas while he's on the way out. Dream, however, seems to be excited, and when George tugs on his hand and raises his eyebrow in an attempt to ask him about it, Dream merely shakes his head and tells George it's nothing.

*Bullshit* . George can see the glint in Dream's eyes, but he doesn't press further. Instead, he lets himself rest, fatigue taking over once again.

"It's alright, darling. Go to sleep," Dream hushes, pulling the blanket up to George's chin as he holds the other's hand. "I promise there's something for you, alright? But I can't tell you what yet."

George lets out a weak hum, something resembling a 'fuck you'. He falls asleep to the rhythmic thump of Dream's heartbeat and the occasional stroke of Dream's finger along his back.

( . . . )

"George?" Dream's voice is barely a whisper as he shakes George, trying to stir the other boy awake. When George yawns and gives him a glare, Dream lets an apology slip from his tongue as he brushes his thumb against George's forehead. "Baby, we're going to the surprise now, alright? It might be a little cold, but I brought your mittens and whatnot-"

George feels a smile crawl up to his face as Dream leans down and places a woolly hat on his head, careful to not mess up his hair. He reaches out and strokes Dream's cheek, the other merely giving him a shy grin as he continues to dress George up.

"Uhh... we're going to sneak you out, so..." Dream trails off, looking at George. "Shit, I should've thought through this. Fuck..."

George rests his hand on Dream's, and they lock eyes for a moment.

*I'm okay* .

Dream understands him.

“Alright, I’ll carry you to the wheelchair, okay?” Dream asks. George nods, and with one swift motion, Dream’s arms are under George and all George feels beneath him is the security of his boyfriend. He quickly sneaks a kiss onto Dream’s lips when he places him down.

“Let’s go?”

George nods again.

Dream creaks open the door, glancing down the hallway to ensure that there’s no nurses before pushing the wheelchair out. The both of them wince a little when Dream’s shoes squeak against the tile, and the silent atmosphere causes Dream’s heart to beat faster, but as soon as they make it to the elevator, he heaves a small sigh of relief.

He presses the button, breath holding in anticipation as he watches the elevator floor descend to ‘5’. When the elevator stops, Dream is prepared to push George in.

Until Techno emerges from the elevator.

“Uhh…” Techno glances at Dream. “What are you doing?”

“...Nothing?”

“Are you smuggling George out?”

“Please let me do this,” Dream begs, George’s eyes widening because Dream never *begs* in his life to strangers, ever. “Please, let me have this.”

Techno stands in silence, the elevator door closing behind him. Dream’s grip on the handle is hard, teeth gritting as he tries to stand his ground. It’s awkward, to say the least, and *who the fuck stays in the hospital at three in the morning?*

“I won’t tell anyone, I swear-”

“You- I’m not worried about you telling anyone,” Techno says, rubbing his eyebrows in frustration. “I just... I don’t want anything to happen to George. He’s my patient too.”

“I promise I won’t let anything happen.” Dream tries again, and tears are prickling at the corner of his eyes, desperation growing with every second. “Please.”

“Fine,” Techno sighs. “I’ll let you go this once. Please return him by six. The nurses usually do another check then.”

“Thank you!” The hint of surprise and happiness is evident in Dream’s words, but if Techno has heard it, he doesn’t respond. Stepping aside, Techno mumbles something under his breath before leaving the duo.

Dream pushes the button again. It dings loudly.

“C’mon, George. Let’s go.”

( . . . )

The cold that bites at Dream’s cheeks almost makes him regret the surprise. Despite the snow stopping the day before, the temperature is still undeniably cold, and Dream almost calls it off, apologises to both George and Sapnap, and gives George his other gift.

But then George touches the snow and lets out this small little *giggle* that Dream rarely hears nowadays, so he throws his insecurities and thoughts aside and decides that *fuck it, I’ll give George his one last wish* .

He watches as his boyfriend holds out his hand, the remainder of snowflakes falling from the branches of trees as he tries to catch them, tongue sticking out comically that Dream can’t help but let out a small huff of laughter. Under the streetlamp, Dream can see his breath disappear.

“We’re almost there.”

The trees slowly disappear, giving way to an empty field. In the distance, Dream can barely see the

flicker of a flame, beside it a familiar silhouette. He tries to push the wheelchair up, but the pebbles and uneven ground make it a rocky path, so he curses under his breath and yells for Sapnap.

“Can you help me take the wheelchair?” Dream asks as the boy reaches his side, before turning around to his partner. “Hey, I’ll carry you there, are you okay with it?”

George loops his arms around Dream’s neck, a silent consent, and Dream mumbles a silent countdown before carrying George bridal style. Ironically, Dream almost loses balance from how light George has become, the latter barely weighing anything, but Dream gets his shit together and walks towards the campfire that Sapnap has created.

“Thanks, Sap.”

The raven-haired boy merely nods, setting the wheelchair down beside the picnic mat that George is currently sitting on. George looks up at Sapnap, a small smile forming on his face, and Sapnap knows that that’s George’s ‘thank you’.

“Dream, we ready?”

Dream grins, picking up a stick from the ground. Looking back at George, Dream gives him a wink. “You’ll see, Georgie.”

George only raises his eyebrow as he watches his two best friends walk over to a box, Sapnap picking up something cylindrical. Dream holds the tip of the branch, letting the other dip into the fire, his green eyes lighting up at the greedy licks of flames that have crawled onto the branch. Satisfied, he walks over to Sapnap.

“The honour’s yours, Dream.”

Dream places the fire near the end of the cylinder’s tail, and as soon as the thin rope lights up, both boys evacuate immediately.

And the fireworks find its way into the dark canvas of the night sky.

“It works! Sapnap, it works!” Dream cheers, waving the burning branch around. Sapnap manages to grab his wrist before taking the branch away from him, motioning to George.

“You should go back to George.”

“What about-”

Sapnap places a hand on Dream’s shoulder, his white bandana tied up to prevent his hair from falling into his eyes. “I’ll man the fireworks. Spend some time with George. You planned this after all. Plus,” Sapnap wiggles his eyebrows, “you have something to give him, don’t you?”

“Fuck off,” Dream laughs, but soon he settles down with more seriousness, the corner of his mouth lifting just slightly. “Thank you, Sapnap.”

“Stay here for one more second and I’ll burn you with the stick.” Sapnap waves it around, maybe a little too close to Dream’s comfort as the latter shrieks. Finally, Dream leaves Sapnap alone, though he doesn’t forget to point his middle finger as a childish retort before clambering and settling beside George.

His eyes linger on George as the latter watches the night sky with undivided attention, and in the midst of the colourful sparkles and loud explosions, Dream is somehow mesmerised by how George is still entranced by the show before him, as if it’s his first time watching the fireworks. His eyes linger on how George’s lips are slightly parted, his breath forming a thin mist that disappears a little too quickly, linger on how George’s fringe is brushed carelessly to the side.

His eyes linger on George for too long, and *fuck*, he has fallen again, hasn’t he? Fallen for the boy in front of him, for the boy who has been the light of his life and his home, for the boy who he swears to protect forever and to be there till death does them apart, for the boy who is playing a game of catch with Death and is losing.

For the boy who’s imperfect and perfect at the same time, who prefers coffee over tea even though he’s British, who plays the electric guitar a little too carelessly and laughs a little too carefully. For the boy who loves a little too cowardly, who somehow, *somehow*, can make Dream’s heart pound a little too quickly and Dream smile a little too widely.

For the boy whom he loves, who also loves him back too.

And even though it has been a year since they had been together, Dream decides that he wants to let the butterflies in his stomach stay, to let his breath be taken away from him again and again, to let his heart melt, because he loves the feeling of falling in love with George. He loves how George seems to always cause his tongue to be twisted, his words to be jumbled up, disrupting the familiar rhythm of life that Dream's always used to.

Dream wants it all to stay, so he holds onto it, grabs on the thin thread of hope that's going to break sooner or later because he knows, *he knows* that he's fighting a losing battle with Fate, but he latches onto it nevertheless, determined to not give up. He's selfish, and stubborn, and everything in between, but that's who George loves and that's who George adores and he simply won't let it disappear because...

Because George will be gone soon, and he doesn't want to lose the only piece of himself that George likes.

A nudge causes him to break out of his trance, George catching him staring. Dream blushes as he tries to hide his face, but a firm grip on his wrist stops him from doing so. Leaning into Dream, George rests his head on the other's shoulder.

"Do you like it?" Dream whispers, feeling George's smile. "Merry Christmas, George."

George coughs a little, and Dream's worries resurface for a second, but when it doesn't worsen Dream lets out a small sigh of relief. He pulls George closer to him, until he's almost on his lap, and presses a kiss on George's jaw.

"I still have another present for you, baby."

George pulls apart, head tilted to the side as Dream fishes for the small velvet box he has in his pocket. When Dream opens it up, George's eyes widen in surprise.

Inside the box sits a pair of silver bracelets, nestled carefully on a soft cushion. The letters 'D R E A M' hang from one of them, while the other has the letters 'G E O R G E'. Each of them has two halves of a heart, the middle split up.

Dream holds the one with his own name up, the bracelet painted in multiple colours due to the fireworks, and puts the broken half of the heart to the other bracelet, a grin plastered onto his face. "See? Two halves of a whole."



George chooses to tackle Dream in a hug instead, and he doesn't realise he's crying until Dream hushes him quietly, whispering sweet nothings into his ear. Wiping his tears away, he breaks into a laugh, and *god, he must look so fucking ugly right now, crying over a bracelet* .

"Gimme your hand."

George offers it, watching as Dream clips on the bracelet onto his wrist. He stares at it for a moment, his fingers running along the letters of Dream's name and the left side of the broken heart, sniffing a little. When he looks up, Dream already has his bracelet on, his name and the other half of the heart dangling from it.

"I... I hope you liked it," Dream smiles sheepishly, rubbing the back of his neck. "I didn't know what you'd like, so I just chose the cheesiest one. I don't know if you like it or not but like, y'know, I kinda panicked at the store and-"

"Dream..." George mumbles, and though his voice is hoarse, carrying a slight wheeze at the back of his sentences, he tries to ignore the dull pain in his throat as he continues. "I love it. Thank you."

Dream leans his forehead against George's, fumbling with the both of their wrists until his fingers connect the both of their hearts together again. "Two halves of a whole, darling. Without you, I'd be nothing."

George feels tears roll down his face again, but Dream's thumb is there to catch them, and in this close proximity, he can see Dream's freckles and the speck of grey in his watery green eyes, and he wonders how lucky and unlucky he must've been to have Dream, to have the love of his life here.

He bites on his tongue, and raises his finger to Dream's lips.

*Tap. Tap. Tap.*

"What is it?" Dream looks at him, slightly confused, and under the fireworks, George thinks that he looks lovely. Pretty. Stupidly pretty.

*Tap. Tap. Tap.*

“You’re just tapping me three- oh.”

George’s smile grows wider at Dream’s realisation, the other going silent.

Through his blurry vision, he can see the trails of fireworks, and Dream’s finger is on his thigh.

*Tap. Tap. Tap.*

*I love you.*

( . . . )

George’s grip grows weaker and weaker on Dream, and soon the other boy realises that George is falling asleep.

“Let’s get you back, shall we?” Dream says. Drawing circles on the back of Dream’s hand, George nods, before tugging Dream down and giving him a peck on the lips. “I’ll help Sapnap pack up.”

Dream settles George on the wheelchair, running to the aforementioned boy who’s probably reeking of gunpowder. George coughs as he tries to fight sleep, but his eyelids are growing very heavy and *it doesn’t hurt to rest for a little while now, does it?*

The last thing he sees is Dream and Sapnap before he closes his eyes.

( . . . )

It’s New Year’s Eve.

Dream stares at the empty bed. Frankly, he’s not used to seeing the sheets neatly pulled and the pillows puffed, because George always has the tendency to toss and turn in bed, which usually ends up in him getting tangled up as Dream helps him out. He’s not used to seeing the vase on the table

empty, lack of lavenders (George's favourite colours) and bare. He's not used to the lack of George in this room, this godforsaken room that he has spent almost three months in.

A part of him wishes George is in the showers, or in the garden, because that would be a better alternative to the reality he's facing right now. A part of him wishes that his suitcase isn't all neatly packed, containing George's stuff or what's left of him in it.

A part of him wishes that he isn't holding George's bracelet right now.

"Dream?" Sapnap pokes his head into the ward, an empty smile on his face, and Dream knows that he's trying really hard not to burst into tears despite his red-rimmed eyes and ragged breathing. "You ready?"

Dream looks around the room, and all he wants to do is stay in here, because if he takes one step out of the ward, he has to accept reality. He has to accept the harsh truth that George is gone, that he isn't going to the showers or taking a walk in the garden. He has to accept apologies that mean nothing and condolences that only push the thorn further into his heart, and he doesn't think that he can do that.

Dream is a coward, and he acknowledges it.

But then he takes one look at Sapnap, who's trying to put up a strong front and trying to not crumble in front of Dream and possibly Techno. Sapnap, who, although has not been in the hospital half the time, has also played a huge part in George's life, and maybe, *just maybe*, trying to pretend that everything's okay, as if a huge part of his life has not been cruelly ripped away from him too.

So Dream takes a deep breath, and gripping the suitcase, walks out of the room.

Dream is a coward, but just this once, he tries to be brave.

( . . . )

Countdowns chant in his ears, and soon, there are people cheering as fireworks launch into the sky and burst into beautiful sparkles.

Dream is sitting on the picnic mat, this time beside Sapnap. He feels the other shift beside him, and even though his eyes are trained on the display in the sky, he knows that Sapnap isn't paying attention either.

He clears his throat, the left to him feeling unbearably empty, as if there's someone who should be with him, leaning his head on his shoulder. There's someone who should be here, laughing alongside the both of them as they celebrate the New Years, his brown eyes lighting up slightly as they play chase with each other, still stupidly childish even in his twenties.

"He'd love to see this." The words slip out of Dream's mouth before he realises it, his eyes widening as he splutters out an apology while Sapnap watches him. "Wait, fuck, sorry I-"

"No, you're right." Sapnap turns to look at the night sky again. "He'd love this, that fucker."

Dream nods. "He'd be watching the fireworks as if he hasn't seen it before, and his lips would be like... parted slightly, y'know? You can see his breath as he exhales, because it's so fucking cold in London and somehow his skinny ass hasn't froze."

This earns a chuckle from Sapnap. "Go on."

"And he'd like, have this stupid smile on his face, those that he doesn't know it's showing." Dream continues. "When he sees you he'd give you a nudge to catch your attention, because he hates to talk when he's in the moment, but he tries to pretend like he's there when in reality he's already lost to the fireworks. And when you try to talk to him he'll have this frown on his face, and you'd shut up because you hate to see it on his face."

"He'd be on his back, his hands behind his head, and he'd be really relaxed. He probably won't even know you're beside him because he's just this attached to the stupid fucking fireworks, and sometimes- sometimes you'd feel like you're not that important to him, but it's alright, because you- because you like to see him in this state. To be so in love with something that he's in a trance."

Dream sighs. "And sometimes, you'd catch this rare moment when he looks at you with this trance, and you feel like you can do anything for him, like you can conquer the entire world because of that one look, and- but it's funny, you see, because if I can conquer the world, I should be able to help him, right? I should be able to save him and-"

“Dream,” Sapnap interrupts, and Dream feels tears rolling down his cheeks, “it’s not your fault.”

“I miss him, Sapnap. I miss him so fucking much.”

He can hear Sapnap choke on a sob beside him. “Me too. Fuck, that bastard is probably laughing at us fucking losers.”

“You know that night, on Christmas day? When we lit up the fireworks and I gave him the bracelet?”

“Yeah?”

“He had that smile, Sapnap,” Dream whispers. “He’s crying, but he has that smile, and in that moment... he’s the prettiest person I’ve ever seen. And even though the bracelet was the cheesiest thing I’ve ever done, I just... fuck, Sapnap, I- I just- I don’t regret this at all.”

Sapnap stays silent, then a chuckle follows. “You love him a lot, don’t you?”

Dream plays with the bracelet on his left hand, his fingers rubbing the left side of the broken heart, and he feels himself falling once again.

“Yeah,” he whispers. “I really do.”

( . . . )

It’s still cold even though it’s mid January, and Dream wonders if London’s weather will ever spare him and give him a break, though he’s grateful that at least the snow and ice has melted.

A small bouquet of lavenders is resting against his forearm, neatly wrapped up. It’s almost routine now, and he has visited the florist every day that the man (his name is Bad, which kind of is contradicting, but Dream doesn’t comment on it) already knows his name, even inviting him in for muffins and tea once.

Dream supposes it isn't that bad to have relations in London, but it hurts a little when he tells Bad that today is the last day that he's going to visit his shop, and that he's going back to Florida. The other has insisted on exchanging numbers, and frankly, Dream doesn't mind.

He makes it up to the small hill where George lays, slightly out of breath by the moment he reaches the tree. There's the exact spot that Dream will always sit at, under this one tree and that one branch that has a blue ribbon tied to it.

Today is no exception.

Wordlessly, he places the lavender at the tombstone, before proceeding to sit on one of the roots that has peeked out from the ground. He stares at the leaves for a moment, admiring how they sway in the gentle breeze, before clearing his throat and turning to the smooth stone in front of him.

"Hey, George," he starts, and somehow, the words don't sit right in his mouth, so he tries again. "Hi... George."

It doesn't feel right, so Dream groans and gets it over and done with.

"I'm gonna leave London today," he says, rubbing his eyes. "Sapnap left two weeks ago, because college is starting and whatnot. I... I'm going to leave today, and I hope you don't mind."

"You know how you said that the small things matter? When we had that one random conversation because I got a crisis from staring at snow?" Dream laughs. "Jesus, that was crazy. But yeah, I remember you mentioned something about the 'butterfly effect', and how every little detail leads us to who we are and where we are today."

"And you know what? Maybe it's fated that we're meant to end like this, George. Maybe it's fated that we'll meet, but we'll be separated by life and death, and isn't that fucking cruel? To tear apart two lovers like this? That maybe if I hadn't met you, I- i wouldn't- god, that's so fucking selfish."

"You know what, George? I don't regret meeting you. I don't regret it at all, because you made me a better person, you impacted me to be who I am today. And I love you, a lot. I love you so fucking much, and I miss your smile and I miss the way you walk and the way you'd always roll your eyes at me when I say something stupid and the way you'd look at me like I was the entire world and-

“And I miss the way you’d love me. I miss the way you’d sneak kisses onto my lips and I’d let you because I love them so fucking much. I miss the way you’d slip your hand into mine and hold it and even though you’re blushing and I’m blushing and we probably look like idiots you’d still hold them tightly. I miss the way you’d hold me, the way you’d hug me, and-

“I miss you.’ Dream cries. “George... I miss you. But I think... Remember the promise, George? The one we made, about me being happy?

“I... I can’t promise you anything, but I’ll try to be happy. For you, George. And-”

Dream fumbles with the clip of the bracelet, his fingers trying to unlatch it until it finally comes off. “I thought I’d return you your stuff. It’s long overdue. Sorry.” He places the bracelet in front of the tombstone, making sure that the letters and the left broken heart is in place before smiling a little.

“And I owe you something.” He pulls out fifty dollars, placing it underneath the bracelet so that it doesn’t float away in the wind. “I can’t believe you won the fucking bet. I hope you’re happy.”

For a moment, Dream can hear George scoff in pride, and his gentle fingers on his wrist. He lets himself relish in the moment, until his rationality convinces him that it’s all part of his imagination. Standing up, he walks towards the tombstone, eyes lingering on the name for one last time.

“I guess it’s goodbye, George.” He places a finger on the smooth stone.

*Tap. Tap. Tap.*

Dream turns around, willing himself not to look back as he walks away from George, from his home.

If he turned around, he’d see a blue butterfly land on the bracelet, right on top of the broken half of the heart.

But he never did.

Fate is never kind, is she?

## End Notes

yell at me on my twitter: @ISLE0FDREAM

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